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Northern Messenger

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.



—The 'Cottager and Artisan.'

The Friend Unfailing.

Far out on the desolate billow,
The sailor sails the sea
Alone with the night and the tempest
Where countless dangers be;

Yet never alone is the Christian,
Who lives by faith and prayer;
For God is the Friend unfailing,
And God is everywhere.

Far down in the earth's dark bosom,
The miner mines the ore;
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before.

Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,
No friend, when he lies a-dying,
His eyes to kiss and close.

Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe,
Or fight in its terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know,

That never alone is the Christian,
Who lives by faith and prayer;
For God is the Friend unfailing,
And God is everywhere.

—Selected.

How to Help the Pastor.

Score these twenty things for your pastor, and he will be successful:

1. Encourage his strong points and fortify the weak ones.
2. Leave as much of his human nature as is sanctified to godly exercise without 'let or hindrance.'
3. Cover what is not sanctified by your ' fervent, effectual prayers.'
4. Meet generously the 'benevolent enterprises' of the church.
5. Pay your church dues as God hath prospered you, if little, at the first opportunity; if much, by that much the sooner. (To pray and pay are faith and works with but a letter's difference between them—old, but true.)
6. Attend the preaching of the Word, Sabbath morning and evening.
7. Attend the weekly prayer-meeting, lest by your absence it may prove weakly.
8. So live with Christ that you will have an experience and the exhortation to attend religious services will be unnecessary.
9. Find some place regularly in the Sabbath school.
10. Be with him in seasons of revival. These are the times that try his soul. Be found where the light thickens and the enemy presses sorely.
11. Sift the wheat of his sermons without flattering him and give the chaff to the winds without letting 'the left hand know what the right doeth'—Christ's symbol of secrecy.
12. Have family prayer and let him know it.
13. Line the complaining lips with the gold leaf of silence.
14. Meet him at the parsonage, upon his return to you from conference or assembly, with a hearty welcome.
15. Drop in on him at his leisure moments for a short, friendly call.
16. Be free to let him call where he can do the most good. No monopolies in the pastorate, save for the unsaved.
17. He has sympathies; do not necessarily tax them. He has a stomach; do not let him into the secret by swamping him with your 'sumptuous fare.'
18. Talk about and talk up church matters; think over them until you can say, 'There is no church like our church and no pastor like our pastor.'
19. Be as religious as possible and as cheerful as religious.
20. Finally, rejoice with him when he rejoices and weep with him when he weeps; score this for him, and our word for it, he will be successful; otherwise you may seriously doubt his call to the ministry; you will have delivered your own soul.—Waif.

In Time for Eternity.

(By Shirley Wynne.)

The time is short;
Therefore with all thy might,
Labor for God and right,
Pause not for heats and shadows of the day,
Fail not for difficulties of the way;
Be true, be pure, be strong!
Eternity is long.

The time is short;
Sin, misery, and despair
Darken the earth and air;
Therefore do thou with Heaven intercede,
And for thy brethren, ere they perish, plead:
Pray for the prayerless throng!
Eternity is long.

The time is short;
Therefore, my brother, love.
Love always! Good above
Is one with thee in this; O take
His crown of thorns, and thine own self for-
sake!
Love, spite of pain and wrong!
Eternity is long.

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL'S FIRST CHRISTMAS ON THE LABRADOR.

Ice had made everywhere. Our little mission hospital steamer had gone into winter quarters and was hard frozen in the ice.

Our only public buildings were a small wood mission house in course of erection, a tiny

school house and a court house of the same material, in which a wrongdoer had once been confined for two days until he escaped. Few of our people could read or write—there was no library, or bookstore, and no supply of 'readin' if they could.

We had not even a village shop. For our necessities were handed us in bulk in the fall and spring, in proportion to the standing of our credit with our merchant or 'trader,' who so far owned his dealers that he spoke of them as 'my people,' and actively resented any attempt at supplying them with goods at lower prices.

We were two young Englishmen lately from the abounding interests of life at Oxford University.

Around us, scattered over the coast we expected to visit, taking this harbor as headquarters, were some two thousand fisherfolk. Christmas was already upon us, with its joyful tidings. Our great desire was to interpret its message to these people not only in words, but by introducing among them some innocent joy, unalloyed merriment.

'What shall we do?'

'Yes, we will have a Christmas tree.'

'But we want something more permanent.'

'Very well, let's have a club.'

'So we will, but we must have some Christmas thing for the adults.'

'All right, let's have a gymkhana on the ice.'

'Good enough, these will do to start with.'

And so we settled that much in a few minutes.

A few mornings later saw some twenty eager boys waiting at our door, and an hour afterwards, attired in the harness of our own trusty dogs, gay with bobbins of colored wool, they were prancing away with our long komatik or sleigh in tow, to fetch a Christmas tree from the woods. What it was all for no one knew. But it was a right merry team to drive, at any rate. An evenly-grown tree on our wind-swept hills was not easy to find. Yet before evening our team was bravely dashing back over the slippery ice with a fine thick young fir tree, which was duly deposited outside the school-house door. Much persuasion was necessary next evening to smuggle it in through the doorway, built to let the little people in without more cold air than was necessary, but it was finally set up within where it entirely filled one end of the building, from floor to roof and side to side.

Christmas eve was a busy day. For our assistants had never been initiated into the mysteries of dressing a Christmas tree. But before night it was duly loaded with toys, warm garments and a motley store of things that had come with us from the South. Candies and ornaments were also in it, while the snow loaned from the surgical supplies of cotton wool, was made to sparkle by powdering on it some of our native mica. Carefully screened were the windows or our secret would have leaked through them, so keen was the excitement among 'all hands' to get the news, in a place where tidings of the great world so seldom find a way, more especially as it was a time when universal ice put 'fish,' the only subject of summer conversation, at a discount.

A gorgeous Union Jack screened in the whole from the eager audience, which on Christmas afternoon squeezed itself into the 'hall.' The atmosphere was only saved from being 'beyond all' on that snowy night by the human wedge which kept the doorway open at the top. Our little magic lantern began the evening, and gave the story of Him whose birthday we commemorated, and who gave us the right to be happy at all times and in all circumstances, seeing what wondrous things He had done for us.

Suddenly the lantern was made to reveal in the darkened room a ladder leading from the trapdoor to behind the gay screens in front of us. The fable of Santa Claus was duly told, and at that moment the ringing of real sleigh bells was heard and a noisy team of dogs drew up in the darkness outside. Can Santa Claus really be going to visit us? The silence in the room was almost to be felt. What is that rumbling noise on the roof?—a stirring overhead—surely there is some one moving in the rude loft above us. Now the sealskin-covered legs of a stout person, clad in furs, are seen descending the ladder. Alas! some of us are frightened, and more than one are said to have taken refuge under the seats. Some one is kindling lights behind the screen, all over the end of the room. Now the flag

falls, and Father Christmas is revealed, seated on a high throne, with the gayest of gay Christmas trees as a background. Mixed were the emotions of the audience—as if some unheard-of fish had followed the long line over the boat's side in place of the ubiquitous codfish.

Father Christmas was left to do his own talking. Right well he did it, and no one recognized in him our good trader disguised—for good he is, much as we hate our inherited system of trading. True, it was after a struggle 'twixt hope and fear that child after child ascended the steps to kiss Father Christmas for his welcome gift, and it was a half-wetted mask that he took from his face as soon as the room was cleared. But the 'buns' made by our kindly local helpers, and real oranges never seen before, healed any wounds the strangeness of the experiences had made, and all hands affirmed later that 'deed it had been a wondrous Christmas day.'

Meanwhile, hammer and saw had 'right manfully been plied,' and a wondrous wooden deer had arisen on our small komatik, to serve as a target for the 'running-deer competition.' A fixed target had also been erected on the harbor. Gay flags marked out the courses for long and short dog races. A greased pole had been 'frozen in,' and now flaunted a haunch of our most accommodating bull on its summit. Needles, too, had not been idle, and numerous sacks had been made for a sack-fight within the marked-out ring, facing a creditably loaded prize table. Early on New Year's morning, lines of men, armed with weird weapons, representing the fowling pieces of our ancestors, but still serving us on the shore, were noticed arriving from 'east and west and north and south.' Some were also carrying flags attached to their long, antiquated barrels. The whole might well have been mistaken for a Boer commando raiding us.

Nor were the children entirely left out on this auspicious day, for there was a handicap scramble for oranges flying along the ice. The tiny tots got their share by tumbling on the speeding spheres, whilst the more fleet of foot were unable to stop on the slippery surface. There was a noisy race also after our good justice of the peace, whose long coat was hidden by bags of candy sewn all over it. The last thing at night was a game of football, with a flaming ball of paraffin and turpentine for the older boys—though as it turned out, there were no boys too old in the whole harbor to engage in the melee. Some of our gray-haired veterans had sore bones next day from the fast and furious fun.

Since that time the sports have been a great annual affair, and now always last over two days, doing more to kindle good feeling, and quash petty jealousies—such as always prevail in small places, where we think we know much of our neighbors' affairs—than many learned discourses could do.—Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, in 'Congregationalist.'

Acknowledgments.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.



LESSON,—SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1909.

The Trial of Peter and John.

Acts iv., 5-20. Memory verses 11, 12. Read Acts iv., 1-31.

Golden Text.

They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word of God with boldness. Acts iv., 31.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 25.—Acts iv., 1-12.
 Tuesday, January 26.—Acts iv., 13-31.
 Wednesday, January 27.—Luke xxi., 5-15.
 Thursday, January 28.—Dan. iii., 8-18.
 Friday, January 29.—I. Cor. iii., 1-11.
 Saturday, January 30.—Matt. xxi., 33-44.
 Sunday, January 31.—11. Tim. i., 1-12.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Which one of you can tell me the story of the lame man about whom we studied last Sunday? So now this man who had never walked in his life before and who was forty years old, would run and jump and walk about just like other men, and it was Peter and John whom God had given power to do this miracle. Were the people around there at the time glad? Yes, a great many of the people praised God as the lame man himself did (verse 21), and when Peter and John told them how God had made it possible for the lame man to get well through faith in the name of Jesus, a great many of the people believed on Jesus, too, and joined the other Christians so that, we are told, there were about five thousand men and we don't know how many women as well. But there were some people there who were not at all glad to see the lame man healed. Do you know who they were? Do you remember who the men were that wanted to have Jesus crucified? Well, it was these same men who were so angry about Peter and John helping and healing this lame man and preaching about Jesus. They were so angry that, what do you think they did? What do we do with thieves and all such wicked men? Put them in prison. Well, that's just what these men did with Peter and John, not because Peter and John had done anything wrong, but just because they had healed the lame man and told the people about Jesus. Let us see whether Peter and John were frightened and just what they did.

FOR THE SENIORS.

As Peter and John stood before this high counsel of the Jews, it is very possible that they recalled the words of their Master (Mark xiii., 9-11; Luke xxi., 12-15; John xv., 20), as he told them beforehand of the very things that were now coming to pass, and it is certain that they gave themselves up to the power of the Holy Spirit as he had advised them. Such a fearless uncompromising speech as was Peter's, might have seemed to a mere man unwise in view of the power of the council before which he stood, but it proved to be what Christ had promised them, 'matter and wisdom' which their enemies could not gainsay. It was not a case of reckless impetuosity, for Peter and John had had the time to think things over (verse 3), but so filled were they with the spirit of their Master that it was evident to all who heard them, that they spoke under the compulsion of a higher power than the fear of any government on earth (verse 20). As for the 'rulers of the people' they again proved themselves the abject slaves of those they professed to govern for while they professed to

believe that the apostles were subverting the nation they dared not act with decision in the matter (verse 21). The effect of this first danger on the Christian community was contrary to all merely human expectation. Instead of planning how to avoid repetition of the occurrence and proceed wearily in the future, the people prayed mightily to God for that power which was most likely to produce a series of the same trials (verse 29). The fact is, they were in earnest, and anything that would draw the attention of the nation to Christ was sought after and welcomed.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 10. There is a very remarkable contrast between the way in which we should have expected the apostles to defend the resurrection, or in which we should have defended it, and the way in which they did defend it. When we are opposed by the Sadducees at the present day with questions about the resurrection of Christ, this is the method of proof we adduce: We point to the empty grave and ask—What did become of His body? and we argue from the folded grave clothes laid so quietly and reverently, as by the hands of one who has appreciated the loving act of the women, in their place, and we say, 'Surely the body was not taken by robbers or these clothes would not have been left so neatly behind, and it could not have been taken by friends for they would not have taken it away naked.' We adduce the fact that the witness to the resurrection is given by people who did not expect Christ to rise and who had everything to lose by attesting the resurrection.

The Holy Spirit who suddenly filled Peter led him to another line of truth. He said: 'Do you ask me by what power or name that man stands there sound and whole? There is only one answer.—Jesus of Nazareth whom you crucified and whom God raised from the dead, is living still and in Him resides all saving efficiency and power, and He has given a proof that He so lives because that man is living and throbbing to-day with the pulse of His energy.' He did not go back six weeks to prove the resurrection from what he had seen of the living Christ, but he lifted all their thoughts to Him, the source of the living power which had poured into that man's paralyzed limbs and made him stand there whole. Christ lives, 'there' is the proof!

If you wanted to prove that there is a sun, you would not go to some museum and find a geological specimen of some animal that had lived long ages ago and apply your microscope to its eyes (or the sockets where its eyes should be) to find there an indication that those eyes had been constructed for the light, and argue that because the eye had been so constructed, therefore the sun must have shone long before history began. No, you would go at once and stand beneath the sun and point to it.

The sun is shining to-day. And if only the Church of to-day would take Peter's attitude, it would not argue from the witness of the past, but from the living experience of the present to Him that was, and is, and is to come.—F. B. Meyer, in 'The Homiletic Review.'

Verse 19. Peter appealed to the conscience of his tormentors, 'Whether it is right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye,' he said, and then he boldly added, 'We cannot but speak the things which we saw and heard.' He who fears God need not fear men. He has the right fear.

When the charge was brought against Socrates of neglecting his country's gods and corrupting the youth of the land by his teaching, and he was condemned to death, that noble philosopher said, 'O ye Athenians, I will obey God rather than you; and, if you would dismiss me and spare my life, on condition that I would cease to teach my fellow-citizens, I would rather die a thousand times than accept your proposal.'

Verse 13. An artist was sent by a newspaper editor to a meeting of the Salvation Army in England for the purpose of studying the faces there and caricaturing them. The errand was not displeasing to him, for he was an infidel and had no sympathy with such Christian soldiers. But as he watched the eager faces and saw their joy in their service, he was convinced that these people had something which he had not. He could not carry out his commission; he took knowledge of them that they

had been with Jesus, and at length he himself was led to seek and own the same Saviour.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, January 31.—Topic—Mohammed and his followers in Arabia. Acts ii., 21. (Missionary meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 25.—The first missionaries. Acts viii., 1-8.

Tuesday, January 26.—A child heroine. II. Kings v., 1-5, 14.

Wednesday, January 27.—Power behind missionaries. Ex. iii., 1-10.

Thursday, January 28.—The great call. Isa. vi., 1-8.

Friday, January 29.—An old-time hero. Dan. i., 8-17.

Saturday, January 30.—Paul, the hero. II. Cor. x., 12-18; xi., 21-33.

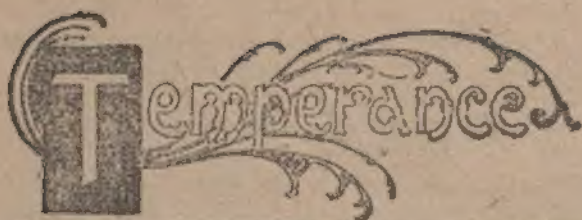
Sunday, January 31.—Topic—Heroes of missions in India. Ps. xvi., 1-13.

Religious News.

Five years ago Bishop Moore appointed the Rev. H. Kihara missionary to the Japanese in Corea. At the session of the Japan conference in March last, that mission was formed into a presiding elder's district, and Brother Kihara was appointed superintendent. In his district there are five organized churches with a number of branch missions. In Pyeng Yang the Rev. T. Murata is pastor. He was adjutant of the Imperial Guards Regiment during the war with Russia. He was wounded in the battle of Shao, and carries a bullet in his knee. He was disabled for military service and, led by Kihara, entered the service of our church, and as a layman was put in charge of this station. He is now building a church for Japanese in Pyeng Yang, and lately Prince Ito, knowing of his work and thinking highly of him, sent a personal subscription of \$2,500. Brother Murata is a very popular man, and is very highly esteemed by Prince Ito for his good works.—North-western Christian Advocate.

While Christianity appears relatively to have reached in Japan an abnormal proportion of the higher classes of society, it must be confessed that the total number of followers of Christ in that empire is still lamentably small—say 200,000, even including with the Protestants the members of the Greek and Roman churches. It is, however, stated by Dr. Nakashima, the professor of psychology in the Imperial University, that there are more than 1,000,000 persons in Japan who are ordering their lives by the Word of God, though as yet unprepared to make a public confession of their faith in Christ. And a Buddhist editor writes: 'Look all over Japan; more than 40,000,000 have a higher standard of morality than they have ever known. Our ideas of loyalty and obedience are higher than ever, and we inquire the cause of this great moral advance. We can find it in nothing else than the religion of Jesus Christ.'

H. A. Walter, after a recent visit to Corea, tells in the 'Record of Christian Work' of a prayer-meeting which he attended in Syen Chyun, 'one of the most remarkable towns in the Far East,' for it might justly be called a Christian town. There is an average of one Christian to every family, and on Sunday every second shop along the street is closed in strict observance of the Sabbath. When the Rev. N. C. Whittemore of Yale, the first missionary, entered the town ten years ago there was one Christian in the place and there were four or five in the entire province. To-day there are 1,000 in the town (of 3,000 souls), and 1,500 in the province. With Mr. Whittemore I attended the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, and I know of no other town of twice the size in the world where the spectacle could be duplicated of 800 persons, a majority of them men, turning out to a regular week-night service as a matter of course. That was a normal congregation in Syen Chyun. In the large church of Pyeng Yang one would not look in vain for ten or twelve hundred. At one time the local bookstore of Syen Chyun exhausted its supply of Bibles, and at ten o'clock of the morning, after a new stock of 500 was received, not one remained.



The Generosity of 'the Trade.'

(By A. W. Hone.)

Cairngorm, 1909.

I can vouch for the authenticity of the following incident, which occurred during Christmas week in the town of S——, Ont.

A friend of mine was in a shoe store, when one of the local hotel-men entered and purchased several pairs of children's shoes. After paying for them, the hotel-man ostentatiously made known his intentions of presenting the shoes to a certain family in very destitute circumstances, and with many words of commiseration for the poor wife and children, took his departure.

Not many minutes after this display of magnanimity, my friend saw the husband and father of this same destitute family coming out of that generous hotel-man's bar-room—with tears of gratitude in his eyes? No—'drunk.'

When this incident was related to me I confess my thoughts were somewhat paradoxical—how much did that family pay for shoes received gratis. Men, make the buying necessities for your families a personal matter. Never pay a saloon keeper a commission—and such a commission for so doing. Besides, all saloon keepers are not so generous, I have an idea that this recorded instance had some connection with a Local Option campaign which was being fought in a neighboring township.

Two Dollars and Seventy-eight Cents.

(C. W. Stephenson, in the 'Home Herald'.)

She was a little woman, prematurely bent, not with years, but with cares and sorrows, wants and woes. There was an expression of anguish, hunger, perplexity and despair upon her face. The voice was piping and high, having in it some of dread and doubt; no music, no confidence. The manner was shrinking and hesitating. The garments were old, shabby and ill-fitting. She stepped up to the merchant, looked right and left, and asked in an undertone:

'Is they—is they any money fur me here? Did John leave any fur me?'

'Yes, Mrs. Jacobs, I think there is some for you.'

'How much is they? Tell me quick, please.' Oh, how much eagerness and how much uncertainty there was in that inquiry!

'I don't know how much. Wait a minute and I'll look it up.' Then there was a silence, and the merchant figured and figured and scowled and figured again; finally, looking up, he said, sadly, 'I have but two dollars and seventy-eight cents for you, Mrs. Jacobs. I really wish it were more, but that is all I have.' He shoved the money toward her, and as she took it, her hand trembled, and she murmured, 'Oh, how shall I get along with this! What shall I do! So many things is needed. Wood is to be got, bills is to be paid, rent is due, the children need some shoes. I don't care fur myself, but it's the young ones what's a-troublin' me.' Then, in a louder voice, she said: 'I'd hoped it was more. He said they was some money fur me here, but he didn't know how much. You sure that's all?'

'Yes, that's all. You see, Mrs. Jacobs, John came in here the day he drew his pay, but he had been in the saloon before he came here, and was rather full. He had a large roll of bills in his hand which he flourished about boastfully. The bills were crumpled and massed together, and I was afraid he might lose some of his money, and said to him, "Now, see here, John, you'd better let me take that money and care for it until you sober up." But he just would not do it, and declared he knew what he was about. Then he hurled all the money on my showcase and told me to count it. I found he still had \$80 of the \$100 he had drawn. I handed it back to him, and then he said, "Say, I guess I owe

you something, don't I? Well, here's ten dollars on the bill." He really owed me but five dollars and seventy-two cents, but two days later he came in and wanted to borrow one dollar and fifty cents, which I was glad to hand him. So there is this balance coming to you, Mrs. Jacobs—two dollars and seventy-eight cents.'

Mrs. Jacobs still stood there with the two dollars and seventy-eight cents in her hand. She was trying to think how she could make those few cents pay for fifty dollars' worth of pressing necessities; trying to think what John had done with all that balance of nearly one hundred dollars. In truth, this was not the first time she had had such a problem to contend with, and she knew at that minute some of her neighbors were in the same dilemma she was.

Who was John Jacobs? What sort of man was he? Did he love his wife? Yes, the best he knew how. Did he love the two little ones that called him father? Yes, as well as he knew how. Was he industrious? No man was more so. Had he steady work? He never lost a day, except when he was incapacitated for work through strong drink. Why, then, did he make such a fool of himself? Why did he not brace up, be a man and let the drink alone? Ask him. This is what he will say to you: 'I want to be a man; God knows I do. I think I will, and lie awake at night and think and think. I hate myself. I curse the whole traffic. I resolve that I will never touch another drop. I manage for awhile fairly well. I take the little ones in my arms and kiss them, and wonder if they know that their father is a drunkard, a poor, miserable drunkard, but they don't seem to know. They don't seem to know why the house is cold sometimes, why they go to bed hungry sometimes, why their mother can't dress like other children's mothers, and why people don't come to see us, as they do some of our neighbors. I think they don't know these things; but I guess they will know after awhile, and I wonder how they will feel then! It makes me feel awful, and I wish I was dead lots and lots of times. But then, the old temptation comes. The payday comes. The fellows say, "Come on, John," and I just go, and my money goes, and the saloon keeper gets and keeps my hard-earned money, and the poor little wife and the poor little ones, and poor John, we all suffer and starve together.'

'You see it all as plainly as I do. Then why in the name of common sense do you not break off?'

'Say, man, were you ever chained to a post, with forty chains, chains around your hands, and chains around your feet, and chains around your neck, and chains everywhere? Then did you ever try to break those chains? I guess you'd have a fine time doing it. I am chained. I am forty years old. Each year of my life a chain has been added to those I felt before. I am more and more a prisoner. I am more and more helpless. They tell me I will go to hell when I die. I have never doubted that. I live in hell most of the time now. If I were to die, and they should force me into Heaven, where they say good and decent folks are, I would feel awfully uncomfortable there. I feel miserable now when I go home to my wife and the innocents. The trouble with me is, I did not begin right. I began wrong. There was plenty to help me go wrong, and nobody didn't seem to care much, and I didn't care much. So, here I am as you see me now.'

John Jacobs was that sort of a man. Only one of a vast army, the product of the legalized liquor traffic. How many suffered from the worse than wasted money he had toiled so hard to earn? That question is not easily answered. The butcher said to Mrs. Jacobs, 'I don't think I can carry you any longer until you settle what is coming to me. I can't carry on business this way!' And he said it in an angry, impatient tone. The grocer suffered, for he had bills to meet, and he had counted on the money Jacobs owed him. The man from whom they rented talked of eviction and getting a more desirable tenant, for he suffered. The coal merchant said he did not see how he could afford to let them have any more coal, though it was hard to think of the fireless rooms and the shivering little ones. And so it was with all their creditors. Poor little Mrs. Jacobs! Poor little ones! Poor John Jacobs! He knew that each and every one of the men who were now

out of patience with him, and who had spoken so harshly to his wife when she asked for an extension of credit, had, without exception, voted the license ticket, voted to give the saloons a right to exist and transact business; and business meant putting men in the wretched condition of John Jacobs! He had brains enough to see the inconsistency of the thing, and he wondered that good men, sober men, men of happy homes and nice families, stronger men than he, could for any price make his fall easy, and conspire to make his home no home at all.

Some way, the writer does not know how, the Jacobs family managed to exist until the next payday, when John's check was not up to the usual amount, for he had lost a week in his last spree, and as he did not visit the saloons first this time, the bills were paid in full, and credit was extended until the next lapse from sobriety, and then the scenes associated with the \$2.78 were repeated. Thus it will go on, until John fills a drunkard's grave, his wife dies broken-hearted, and the children are thrown upon the uncertain charities of the world!

Who is to blame for such things? The one who votes for the license; the one who is the moderate drinker, and who scorns the idea of his being his brother's keeper. The one, too, who does not do what he can do by his influence, his habits and his vote to make these things impossible. Who suffers from the loss of manhood, money, character, happiness and hope in such a man as John Jacobs? We all suffer, and really we ought to suffer and murmur not if in any way we are responsible for these things. If we are innocent, let us do what we may in self-defense and for the defense of helpless men, helpless women and helpless children.

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

Men do not, as a rule, attack that which is in their own interests. Prohibition is commonly supposed to be hostile to the interests of liquor-dealers, and as such it is to be expected that they will oppose it and attack it. But they take an odd way of doing so. They ridicule it, claiming that prohibition is ineffective, and that in some prohibition territory there is more liquor drunk because of it. In answer to this, with reference to Maine, the 'Homiletic Review' savagely remarks: 'There is just one conclusive proof that prohibition in Maine is the genuine article, namely: Every liquor dealer and every liquor dealer's advocate is engaged in a constant attempt to break it down. If Maine were buying and selling as much liquor as these curious philosophers affirm, would they not be unanimous for continuing so profitable a condition of things? So long as the liquor interests continue their present desperate opposition to the 'ineffective' efforts of the temperance people, their ridicule is cause for congratulation.—S. S. Times.'

Martin Luther on Beer.

In his 'Tabletalk,' Luther refers to the beer question in the following words: 'Whoever first brewed beer has prepared a pest for Germany. I have prayed to God that he would destroy the whole brewing industry. I have often pronounced a curse on the brewer. All Germany could live on the barley that is spoiled and turned into a curse by the brewer.'

A Tribute From a Contemporary.

The Montreal 'Witness' has been ever since confederation and before that a national and thoroughly consistent advocate of temperance with regard to alcoholic liquors.—Brockville 'Times.'

A Metropolitan Newspaper taking such a stand as this, needs and surely deserves the support of all temperance people. Do you give it YOUR support? Remember, the 'Weekly Witness' with the 'Messenger' for only \$1.20, or if you get the 'Messenger' through your Sunday School and do not now take the 'Witness,' you can get it for 80 cents for a year's trial, by cutting out this notice and enclosing with your order. For our special family club see page 15.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



I pledge myself

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of the hard enamel, in the above design of a

N. B., P.E.I.
Dear Editor,—I was looking over an old 'Messenger' and saw a letter written by a little girl, whose name is the same as mine, and she is the same age. Her papa had the same number of cattle that my papa has, that is, eighteen. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and I love reading the correspondence page. I live on a farm and have four cats, and a dog named Cruso, and a peacock. In summer its tail is beautiful.

ELMA LEFURGEY (aged 10.)

E., Sask.
Dear Editor,—We moved out West from Nova Scotia a year ago last July, and I like the West very much. My brother and I have been having great fun learning to skate. I guess this will be all for this time, wishing the Editor and all the correspondents success.

ORESSA SAULER.

V., B.C.
Dear Editor,—I have never written to you before, but I have been reading your letters from the children of other states and provinces and it tempted me to write also. I live in Vancouver. It has been raining nine days steadily, but I hope it will stop soon. I like the school I go to very much. The name of it is, 'Seymour School.' I live in the city and therefore cannot write you any-

endless chain. We think it is interesting, too, to watch the men make the laths, they do their work so quickly, but we like best of all to watch the big saw slice up the logs just as one would slice a loaf of bread. The newly sawn lumber looks so clean and smells so good.

OLIVE BROWN.

C., Alta.
Dear Editor,—I would like to know if we can write as much as we like. I am sending in my pledge with this letter. I like reading the 'Messenger' very much. My uncle has come over here from the States, and he is very kind. I like it very much when he is here.

ANNIE ENGBERG.

[Certainly, Annie, you may write as much as you like, but perhaps not all of it will be able to go in. Write a good long letter, though, and its sure to contain something interesting. Ed.]

P. S., Ont.
Dear Editor,—I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School and get the 'Messenger,' which we like very much. We have two schools in one yard, one of them was built in 1908, the other in 1859. We live near the C. N. O. R. and the C. P. R. It is very cold up here now, and there is snow enough for sleighing, but I have only had one ride.

D. WOODS.

OTHER LETTERS.

Cora M. Wilkinson, E. B., Ont., asks a riddle:—Why does a man hit the pepper Easter on the bottom and a lady shake it?

A. C. J., T., Ont., says 'at the Sunday School which I attend my brother is superintendent.'

Elsie McDuff and Lizzie M. Andrews, W. R., P.E.I., are friends and write together. Elsie writes 'my pet cat died about a month ago, but I have another little kitten and I call it Romp.' Lizzie sends a riddle that has been asked before.

May Willard, L. R., P. Que., says 'Our school has closed and we had an entertainment. I took part in it. I had a lovely Christmas and got a lot of presents.'

Eliza Amelia, and Anna M. Minion, H. C., Ont., are twin sisters who lately joined the R. L. K. Eliza says 'The first letters I learned were in the words "The Northern Messenger," so you see we girls started to read it when we were young, about four years old. We are seven now. We only went to school for about five months, but we have gone to Sunday School for quite a while now. Our papa is superintendent so when the weather is fit for us to go we like to.' Both Anna and Eliza write very nice letters, well written, too, for only seven.

Carrie M. Sceviour, E., Nfld., tells about the Christmas entertainment they were practising for when she wrote. Did it go well, Carrie?

A. B. M., one of our R. L. K. members, writes from Gladstone, P.E.I., to let us know that the correspondence page is read there.

Ellen Carr, S. B., N.S., says 'We live on a big hill. I have a little kitten that catches lots of mice.'

Keith Swayze, D., Que., sends us a verse of a little Christmas hymn that he made up:

Born to us on Christmas day
Jesus Christ who's gone away
Gone away to come again
To take us home from fields of sin.
But those He is going to take
Must be holy and never forsake
The Lord.

Keith is only ten.

J. Kenneth Bayne, P., Ont., sends a short letter with his drawing. He has only one hand, we are sorry to hear, but seems to manage very well.

Frank Ebbett, M., Alta., says he would like to join the R. L. K. Just copy out the pledge, Frank, sign it and send it in.

Alva Wood, S. R., Ont., asks how to address letters to this page. We have one of your letters, Alva, waiting to be published as you made no mistake, but for the information of others we may say letters should be addressed to Correspondence Editor, 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

We have also received short letters from Wella B. Creelman, P., N.S., Mary Bowyer, S., Ont., and Mildred Taylor, W. O. N. Mex.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Maggie Murray (age 9), C., Ont.

2. 'An Irishman.' Lloyd Mennie (age 10), H., Ont.

3. 'A Happy Family.' Mildred M. Fulton, P., N.S.

4. 'Waggon No. 42.' Rae Cowan (age 10), Toronto.

5. 'Sail Boat.' Lorraine Howie (age 8), C., Ont.

6. 'A Green Pea.' Beattie Russell (age 10).

7. 'The Fishing Boats.' R. Cumming. (age 11), V., P. Que.

8. 'The "Wild Wave".' John W. Paton (age 11), Montreal.

9. 'Our School-house.' Pearl Elliott, C. E., N.S.

how in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R. L. K.

Don't forget that when you send in your names as members of the league we want you to copy out the pledge and then sign your name to that. You know how in school if you have made a mistake in spelling, your teacher will tell you to write it out correctly ten times, because the writing it out helps you to remember. It's just that way with the pledge. We want you to write it out when you join the league because writing it out will help you to remember it better.

The new members for this week are:—May Willard and Edith Chapman, L. R., P. Que.; Mildred Taylor, W. O., N. Mex.; Frank Read, Montreal; Florence Hamilton, H., Ont.; E. S. Shorey, S., Ont.; Bert D. Hickinger, C., Pa.; Grace Shepherd, P., Ont.; Ella G. Good, H., Ont.; James Latimer, C., Ont.; Eva Elizabeth Harper, O. B. M., Que.; Margery J. Smith, Beattie A. Smith, and Bertha Smith, B. I., B.C., and Lillian I. McGee, Mabel E. McGee, and Mary C. McLeese, B. B., N.B.

thing about farms, although I lived on one a little while but have forgotten.

MABEL EVANS.

T., Ont.
Dear Editor,—We have two little black rabbits and they like to play in the snow very much. We used to have five but three died. We thought we lost another rabbit, but when we went down the cellar we found it in the cellar window.

MARY S.

C., P.E.I.
Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old and go to school every day. I like my teacher very well. My schoolmate is Esther Woodside. She and I sit together in school. My father is a carpenter and he is away nearly all the time. I live on a farm.

LILA G. WHITEHEAD.

N., N.S.
Dear Editor,—I wonder how many of the boys and girls who read the 'Messenger' have been in a saw mill. There is one near our house and my father is the sawyer. My sisters and I think it is great fun to watch the logs come from the lake into the mill on the

BOYS AND GIRLS

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day,

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Come the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,
'I'll help you across if you wish to go.'

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed. And so without hurt or harm

He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

'She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

'And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

'If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear son is far away.'

And 'somebody's mother' bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she
said

Was, 'God be kind to that noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy.'
—Oklahoma 'Workman.'

An Architect of Fate.

(Hope Daring, in the 'American Messenger')

'I have no patience with Roy, Cousin Josephine. One can make of his life what he will.'

'In a way, yes; but—'

'Now, don't excuse him, Cousin Josephine. Roy is young, strong and well educated. He can make of his life something worthy and true. You know the poet says that we are all architects of our own fate, and it is true.'

Margie Nelson spoke with the positiveness of eighteen. Her companion, a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, smiled indulgently, and the two passed on down the great weaving room of the Belding Silk Mills to where the rest of the visitors stood.

Leah Miller drew a long breath. Were those words true? Could she ever come to be such a woman as was this Mrs. Josephine Nelson?

'She's not rich or even pretty,' Leah said to herself, as her deft fingers replaced an empty hobbin with a full one. 'Mrs. Nelson is a widow and works in an office, but she is what I'd die to be—a lady. I wonder if I could—but it is nonsense to think about it.'

However, Leah continued to think about it all the forenoon. She did not neglect her work, but her eyes forgot to turn to the window at her side—the window that framed a view of the river and the distant hills, where the springtide's warmth and moisture were beginning to spread a mantle of green.

Leah Miller was an orphan. Her mother had married 'beneath her,' the neighbors said, and had died when Leah was but three years old. For six years John Miller had

made a happy home for his little daughter. Then he, too, had died, leaving Leah and a few hundred dollars to the care of his brother.

The child had gone into her uncle's family. The money was spent in a short time. Joe Miller and his wife were kind to the girl, in their improvident way, but the dreams nourished by Leah's father had faded. When she was fifteen Leah had left school to enter the silk mill.

Late in the winter her uncle's family had moved away from Belding.

'No use your goin', Leah,' Mrs. Miller had said. 'You've jest been promoted, and with six dollars a week you kin take care of yourself.'

Leah went to a boarding-house, one that sheltered a dozen girls. The rooms were crowded, but there was much merriment and many stories of outside fun.

'It is coarse fun,' Leah admitted to herself. 'I can't imagine Mrs. Nelson joining in it. I wonder if there would be any use of my trying.'

The blowing of the whistle for the dinner hour surprised Leah. She had been so absorbed in thought that she had not noticed the passage of time.

The boarding-house was near. As Leah hurried along the street Fannie West touched her arm.

'I say, Leah, what are we going to do if Mrs. Gray don't git better? I'll bet the potatoes will be half-cooked and the steak burned again to-day.'

Leah made an indifferent response, but a frown creased her brow. To herself she said: 'If Fan would not say "git." But I am forgetting what I learned at school, for I often find myself saying "don't" for doesn't, just as Fan did.'

Fannie's predictions proved true. The potatoes were half cooked, the meat was hard and dry, and there was no dessert. That was not all. The half-grown daughter of the house announced that no more meals would be furnished.

'Ma is worse, and she can't git any help. She says you can stay in the rooms 'till you find places, but you'll have to go somewhere else for your supper.'

A buzz of comment ran round the table. The girl who sat next, to Leah leaned forward.

'I'm going to Frazer's, Leah. They'll take two in one room for three dollars apiece. Don't you want to go with me?'

Leah was surprised. Flossie Beech was the gayest and wildest girl at the boarding-house. 'Why, I—' Leah began, then she stopped, a wave of crimson flooding her face.

Before Flossie's painted cheeks and bleached hair there had seemed to pass Mrs. Nelson's pure, serene face. Leah stood up.

'I would not like it at Frazer's,' and there was a defiant note in her voice. 'There's too rough a crowd there.'

'Hum! Awful particular, hain't you?' Flossie cried angrily.

Leah walked back to the mill with Fannie and her sister Lillian.

'We will rent a room and board ourselves,' Fannie declared. 'Come with us, Leah. It's

hard work, but it's a little like home.'

Leah turned away her face.

'Thank you, Fan, but I—I'll tell you to-morrow.'

There had been no half day in Leah Miller's sixteen years in which she had done the thinking that she did that afternoon.

At six o'clock she hurried over to the boarding-house. Reaching her room, she stood before the cracked mirror and stared at the reflection of her handsome dark face.

'They have always said you had the pride of your mother's family, Leah Miller,' she whispered. 'To make your life what you want to, what you feel sure you might, you must have help. Are you brave enough to ask for it?'

A half hour later Leah emerged from the boarding-house. Her hair was neatly combed, and she wore her best dress, a cheap and ill-fitting black serge.

'Going to the restaurant for supper?' asked a girl whom she met.

Leah started. She had not thought of supper.

'No, not just now, Julia. I've an errand to do first.'

She hurried along until she came to a little brown cottage. A wide porch shaded the front door, and blossoming geraniums looked out from between the white curtains.

Leah rang the bell, and the door was opened by the mistress of the house. Miss Ellen Richmond was a grave-faced woman of fifty, with kindly eyes.

'Why, Leah! I am glad to see you. Come in. Are you well?'

'Very well, thank you, Aunt Ellen.'

Leah took the designated rocker and began abruptly.

'Aunt Ellen, will you take me to board? I'm getting six dollars a week, and I will pay whatever you ask.'

'I—to board—why—' and Miss Richmond stopped.

For the space of two minutes the silence was unbroken. Miss Richmond was recalling Leah's claim upon her.

Leah's mother had been Ellen Richmond's cousin. The spinster, while disliking the Millers, had always shown a kindly interest in Leah. On Christmas and on the girl's birthday there had always been little gifts, and on rare occasions Leah had been invited to the cottage to tea.

'Why do you want to come here, Leah?' asked Miss Richmond.

With the utmost frankness Leah told the story of the day.

'I want to make something of my life, Aunt Ellen, and it doesn't seem as if I could begin it at Frazer's and alone,' she said in conclusion.

Ellen Richmond's hands worked convulsively. To herself she was saying:

'And I've always rebelled because I couldn't go as a foreign missionary! There is work to do for the Lord in Belding as well as in India.'

Aloud she said, 'You can come, Leah. I don't know as I can be of much help to you, but I will try.'

The next evening Leah went directly from the mill to the cottage. Miss Richmond welcomed the girl and showed her to the little room that was to be hers.

When the door closed behind the older woman, Leah ventured to look round her. There was a white bed, a dresser, rocker and a shelf of books. In the south window stood a pot of thrifty ivy.

Suddenly the girl fell upon her knees, burying her face among the snowy pillows.

'I—I don't know how to ask. O Lord, help me to make my life something that will fit into this home!'

Miss Richmond's supper table was spread with quaint old china. A curiously shaped silver pitcher held a cluster of purple crocus blossoms.

At first both women were conscious of a feeling of constraint. Miss Richmond resolved to banish it.

'Would you like to hear about your mother, Leah?' she asked. 'I remember her so distinctly, when she was a girl like you.'

'Like me? Oh, if I could be like her! I do want to hear all about my mother.'

There was no more stiffness after these words had been said. Indeed, the mealtime seemed all too short to Leah, as she listened

Boys! Attention!

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to what her aunt had to relate about her mother.

The next day was Saturday. While they were seated at the supper table Miss Richmond said:

'Will you go to church with me to-morrow, Leah? I wish you would.'

'I—I haven't anything to wear, Aunt Ellen. But I am saving money to buy me a pink dimity and a leghorn hat. As soon as I get them I will go.'

The next day when they were seated at dinner Miss Richmond ventured to speak of her young kinswoman's wardrobe.

'I wish, Leah, you would let me take that black skirt of yours in hand. You know I do sewing, and I am sure I can improve it.'

Leah flushed hotly. 'I'll have a new dress soon. You must not sew for me, Aunt Ellen, not unless I pay for it.'

'Now, child, don't let foolish pride come between us. I want to help you. I see it will not always be easy for you.'

The girl smiled, although tears glistened in her eyes.

'Not easy, but I'll not mind that, Aunt Ellen, if I ever get to be a woman like you.'

'Not like me, child. You will make a stronger woman, one who will do much to help others.'

Miss Richmond never knew just how difficult Leah's way was. There was a succession of sneers from the girls whose companionship she had come to avoid. Leah's proud independence was up in arms. She gave back taunt for taunt, thus making enemies for herself.

One thing that her aunt had said lingered in her mind. 'You will make a stronger woman, one who will do much to help others.' Would she help others? Why not begin?

'These girls are architects of their own fate, but they may not have a dear aunt to help them. I will try to show them that what I am doing makes me better,' she concluded one morning, a fortnight later, when she was on her way to the mill.

Leah stopped and let her eyes follow the river as it wound away among the green hills. The girl's nature responded to the beauty of the quiet morning hour.

'I made a wrong start. No one can ever be a successful architect of fate who thinks only of herself. It's early to begin to plan for helping others, but I can at least be kind.'

The days went by quietly. Leah conquered her false pride. Miss Richmond remade the black skirt and did other sewing for the girl. Instead of the leghorn, a neat white sailor hat was purchased for church.

Leah grew mentally and spiritually. She had loved beauty, but had not been able to distinguish the truly beautiful from its smart counterfeit. Now her nature began to be capable of judging as well as admiring.

When the Reverend Joel Martin came to Belding as the pastor of one of the churches no one thought of any connection between that event and Leah Miller. Yet it was Mrs. Martin who next helped the aspiring girl.

'I am forming a class for mission study, Miss Miller,' the minister's wife said one evening when she was calling at the cottage. 'The class meets at my home to-morrow evening. Come and join us.'

'Oh, I would like to!' Leah's dark eyes shone. 'But I—you see, Mrs. Martin, I left school when I was fifteen.'

Mrs. Martin was one of the rare souls who understood. She nodded her head.

'I see, but there is nothing for you to fear. Several of the girls have less education than you, but they are all eager to learn. We will study Japan for a year; the history, the life of the people, and the work of missions there. You will come?'

Leah did go and became greatly interested. Evenings she read and studied, Mrs. Martin lending her books and helping her on.

Miss Richmond seemed younger. The gravity of her face had relaxed. Unconsciously she was making herself ready for the widening of the way.

It was Leah who pointed out this broader way.

The two women were seated at the supper table one windy autumnal night.

'Home seems so dear on a night like this,' said Leah with a sigh of contentment. 'I'm thankful for the bright rooms, the hot supper, the new book on Japan, and—best of all—you, Aunt Ellen, Fan and Lil are going to Frazer's to board.'

'Eh! I thought they boarded themselves.'

'Lil says they cannot do that through the winter. The room is cold when they go home, and they have to get their own supper. They are good girls, but I am afraid if they go there they will get coarse and rough.'

Miss Richmond laid down her fork. Suddenly she said:

'Leah, some one must help those girls. If they will come as Fannie and Lilian they may come here.'

It was a moment before Leah spoke. She comprehended her aunt's meaning. Could she promise for her friends? Yes, she could, but the keeping of the promise would mean the changing of some of her plans.

It was only a moment. Then Leah cried:

'O Aunt Ellen! How can I thank you! It will mean so much to—to Fannie and Lilian!'

The going to the cottage of Fannie and Lilian had its influence upon the mill girls. They began to look upon Leah as the true friend of her fellow-workers. There was much reading and borrowing of books. The heaven was working.

At the beginning of the new year Leah's salary was increased to eight dollars a week. The girl was very glad, but her plans were all to add to the comfort of her aunt and to make a thank-offering to the missionary society.

'You are a revelation to me, Leah,' Miss Richmond declared. 'You started out to make something noble of your life, and while you are helping others you are growing up into a noble woman.'

Fannie and Lilian West remained at the cottage for a year—a year that did much to shape their lives. But Miss Richmond was not very well and Leah proposed a change.

'You say your widowed sister must work. Why not have her come here, girls, and start a boarding-house—one that would be a real home to working girls. We will all help. It must be started in a small way, but it will grow.'

The boarding-house was established in accordance with this suggestion, and proved a great success both financially and socially.

Meanwhile Leah took a course of lessons in bookkeeping and stenography, hoping to obtain work.

Four years had gone by since Leah Miller went to the little brown cottage to live. One sunny afternoon she left the mill earlier than usual. On her way home she called at the parsonage, finding Mrs. Martin alone.

'Have you come to tell me good news?' Mrs. Martin asked as she put her caller in a chair. 'Are you to have leave of absence so you can go to the State Missionary Convention next week?'

'I am to have a vacation all next week, Mrs. Martin. The proprietors of the mill have offered me a place in the office. My day's work will be two hours shorter, and my salary will be fifty dollars a month.'

'Leah! You will give up going to the city?'

'I will stay here. Aunt Ellen needs me, and Mr. Bagley said I was needed in the mill. He said many kind things about my influence there. And there is my Sabbath-school class and the mission study and the reading club, and the —'

'And so many things for one little architect of fate to do and do well!' Mrs. Martin said, stooping to kiss Leah. 'Already, dear, you have made your life a blessing to others.'

Outside the Door.

(C. W. Scrimgeour, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

I was a very little child, but I remember about it as if it were but yesterday. I had been disobedient at breakfast time, and papa said to me, 'Mary, you must go and stand outside the door.'

I got off my seat, and without venturing to look up I went outside into the lobby, and the door was shut. I remember how my tears fell on the mat. Oh how ashamed and grieved I was.

In a few minutes the door was opened a bit, and little Johnny's head peeped out, and he said, 'Mary go in, and I will be the naughty one instead of you.'

And before I could say a word he had pushed me in and shut the door. I stood with eyes on the floor, feeling so unhappy,

not knowing whether to go to my seat again; but papa came and led me to the table and kissed me, and placed me in the chair; and I knew I was as much forgiven as if I had been bearing the punishment all myself.

When five minutes were up, Johnny was called in, and my father took us both—me, the poor little naughty girl, and Johnny, the loving, compassionate brother—and folded us both in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—repentance and love and gratitude, while he held us close to his loving heart.

Now when I look back on that little scene, it seems to me a very typical one. For the years went by, and I found I was outside another door, separated from God the Father, sin having come between my soul and Him. I stood outside the door, a poor unworthy child, till I saw One, even Jesus Christ His Son, who loved me, and had come to take my place and bear my sins.

I knew I was forgiven for His sake, for the Divine Father drew me close to His great heart of love; and I knew the meaning of the words, 'He loved me and gave Himself for me.'

Have You Any Standard?

(The Rev. James Learmount, in the 'British Congregationalist'.)

I want to speak to the older boys and girls to-day. And if I put what I have to say into a story I once read, I suppose you will not object. The story was about two people—a youth and an old man. It would have been difficult, had you seen them standing together at the parsonage door in the grey dawn of the summer morning, to tell which was the more beautiful of the two.

The youth's face was eager, hopeful, with a little tinge of sadness in it, as he turned towards the dawning, watching for the first glimpse of the stagecoach that was to bear him from the old to his new life in the city.

Ernest, the youth, dearly loved his old grandfather, who had been his father as well, since early childhood; and it was with a tender heart and tearful eyes that he listened to his words, as they waited for the coach.

'Be sure and set a high standard for yourself, Ernest,' he said, 'and never lower either your standard or yourself. Never let yourself down, either in language, in manners, or in morals. And never forget,' he added, feelingly, 'to look to God, as the only and sure source of strength.'

There was no time to say more. But all the way to the busy city, the grandfather's last remarks were the text upon which his thoughts dwelt, and the words made a deep impression on his heart.

'It is so easy,' he said, 'to let one's self down. It is but to stop doing, to stop watching and praying and trusting, and down one goes, as surely as the apple falls to the ground, the instant it lets go its hold of the parent stem.'

A few days later he heard of his dear old grandfather's death, and his parting words seemed to be engraved upon his heart as with a pen of iron.

As the months passed, and he found himself surrounded by companions, whose words were often such as they would never dared to utter in presence of mother or sister, words which profaned God's name, his grandfather's words lived with him, and the high standard he set for himself, by God's grace, was never lowered in that respect.

Ernest was becoming a true gentleman by the keeping of the standard laid down by his grandfather. His sense of right and honor won for him a place in the social circle which many above him meanly envied, and for which some hated him, and did their best to make him as themselves.

'Come, Ernest, you cannot refuse this now, I am sure,' said one of his would-be friends, one day. 'Here's an invitation even your dainty taste might accept.'

'What is it?' Ernest asked, taking the perfumed note in his hand.

'It's from Mrs. Hale. You met her the other evening at Captain Wright's. They have friends just come from abroad, and this is a select company to receive and welcome them back?'

'Why, then, am I invited? I never knew them.'

'Oh, it's a special compliment!'

After more talk the invitation was accepted. The evening passed pleasantly enough,

they were intelligent people, and Ernest won favor from all with whom he conversed. It was not long, however, before he found that their standard of living was a very low one. They cared not for God's Word.

At the supper-table the wine cup passed, and all partook but himself. The young woman at his side begged him not to be 'so singular.' Then his grandfather's dear old face rose up before him, and the dear old home where he parted from him, and he said to himself, 'No, I'll lower neither my standard nor myself.' And with a prayer sent upward for help, he politely refused. He still kept up his standard, and was still true to his best.

Do you see it, young folk? Some of you are just going out into life. Have you any principles? Any standard, up to which you mean to live? You see the value of a standard in the case of Ernest, and no good life can be lived without principles, without standards, without deliberate purpose to be great and good.

In fixing a standard up to which you mean to live, do not let yourself be that standard. Other people will always be small if we use ourselves as the standard of measurement. No standard is good enough for an immortal being that is lower than the standard set in the Word of God, and no helper you can choose can help you as God Himself can.

'If it is right, there is no other way!'

Brave words to speak, and braver still to live;

A flag to guide the battle of each day,

A motto that will peace and courage give.

'If it is right, there is no other way!'

Wise words that clear the tangles from the brain;

Pleasure may whisper, doubt may urge delay,

And self may argue, but it speaks in vain.

'If it is right, there is no other way!'

This is the voice of God, the call of truth;
Happy the man who hears it to obey,
And follows upward, onward, from his youth.'

A 'Fraid Cat.'

The personages of my story are a baby cat, a middle-sized cat, and a great big cat. The baby cat was Blackie, the pluckiest ball of soft fur that ever faced an enemy. The middle-sized cat was Laddie, Blackie's loving friend and playfellow. Laddie was literally a 'fraid cat,' and chief of his dreaded foes was the great big cat, a war-like stranger from the hills, at sight of whom Laddie always ran meowing to shelter.

Strange to say, the hero of my story is Laddie, the fraid-cat. One day, as the washer-woman was hanging out the clothes, she heard a sharp sptz-z-z, and, turning, saw the hill-cat crouched, ready to spring, and Blackie, every hair on end, spitting at him bravely. Before she could go to the rescue, Laddie raced around the corner, picked Blackie up by the nape of the neck, carried him to the shed, dropped him with a short meow of command, and then, racing back, rushed straight at the astonished hill-cat and drove him from the yard. Love for Blackie had cast out fear for self.—C. E. World.

Some Historic Bibles.

Besides the Breeches Bible, there are other issues renowned for curious misprints. There is 'The Place Makers' Bible, 'Blessed are the place makers; for they shall be called the children of God.' Matt. v., 9. This extraordinary misprint occurred in the second edition of the Geneva Bible, published at Geneva in folio in 1561-2. The mistake was corrected, and, as far as is known, never occurred again.

Again, there is 'The Vinegar Bible.' 'The Parable of the Vinegar,' instead of 'The Parable of the Vineyard,' appears in the chapter-heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition of the authorized version which was published in 1717. The book was published by J. Baskett in imperial folio, and is said to be the most sumptuous of all the Oxford Bibles. The printing is very beautiful, some of the copies being printed on vellum, but unfortunately the proofs were carelessly read, and the book printed by Baskett was called 'a basketful of printer's errors.' The book is now prized on account of its typographical faults.

There is, too, 'The Wicked Bible.' This ex-

Do Not Disgrace That Name.

On a bright afternoon during the holidays some years ago, the village, which usually had little excitement to disturb its quiet, showed signs of a festal gathering on a rather extensive scale. Along the street heavily-laden baskets were carried, revealing to the curious urchins who followed the bearers occasional glimpses of cakes, tarts, and other dainties. Then tea-urns and crockery, and large nosegays of flowers were hurried past; and all finally disappeared within the doorway of the public room of the place, where a large placard announced the fact of a 'Temperance Tea-Meeting at five o'clock.' Before that time groups of people in holiday attire thronged the streets on their way thither.

Scarcely had the opening grace been sung, and the tea-drinking really commenced, when, amidst the din of cups and saucers and hu-

losing all their boisterous hilarity under the charm of her influence, they answered her respectfully and heartily, and soon became so interested in the conversation that they seemed to forget the circumstances in which they were taking a cup of tea with their new friend.

As the conversation went on between the three at the end table, one of the men addressed the other, whom he had previously called 'Dick,' by his surname of 'Cameron.'

The lady started and looked at him intently. 'Is that your name?' she asked. 'Is it possible that you bear the name of Richard Cameron, your noble Scottish martyr? Oh, young friend, "do not disgrace that name"!'

An expression of genuine shame and penitence passed over Cameron's face. 'I do not know what I have been thinking of,' he exclaimed; 'it's very kind of you to put it in



A LADY TOOK HER PLACE BESIDE THE TWO MEN.

man voices, sounds were heard outside the door rather out of keeping with a 'Temperance' gathering, and presently these sounds were followed by the appearance of two soldiers belonging to a company quartered in the neighborhood.

All eyes were turned on the intruders, for as such they could scarcely but be regarded in an assembly of the kind, as—with the swaggering, jovial air which so ill beseems British soldiers, and which is so seldom shown by them, except under the influence of strong drink—they noisily made their way through the crowded room, and seated themselves at length at the vacant table in view of the whole company.

To be the observed of all observers in so large a gathering seemed rather formidable even to their cool assurance, and they shouted out a half-playful, half-earnest appeal for someone to come and join them.

A silence ensued, and then a lady rose from her seat at one of the other tables, and, leading a child by the hand, passed quietly through the room and took her place beside the two men. There was something in the gentle dignity of her bearing that at once made the soldiers conscious of their rude behavior, and perhaps their consciences prepared them for a 'strong lecture.'

She began to talk pleasantly to them, asking questions about their homes, and their present companions and occupation, until,

that way to me. I have been so proud of my name, and it was kept untarnished till I got it, at any rate, for nobody can have better parents, and my father is so set up to talk of his ancestors for many a generation back—I don't know what they would say at home if they know of the wild set I have got amongst; and Johnstone here I have been dragging down as well as myself. But you may depend upon it, kind lady,' he continued, 'that I'll not forget your words, and by God's help—for I know all about that—I will never disgrace my name again.'

When the tea was ended, she turned to say 'Good-bye' to her new acquaintances. 'I am obliged to go home with my little boy, who is ill, but I hope you will enjoy the meeting; there are some good speakers, and I am sure you will hear valuable advice.'

'I shall hear nothing so much to the point as your words about my name,' said Cameron, as he shook hands, 'God bless you for your kindness to me when I was disgracing myself both as a Cameron and as a soldier.'

A few weeks later the lady heard from a friend in the town where Cameron's regiment was quartered telling her that both he and his comrade Johnstone had taken a brave stand as soldiers under the Great Captain, and that already their influence and altered behavior were leading some of their companions into the same blessed service.—'Friendly Greetings.'

traordinary name has been given to an edition of the authorized Bible, printed in London by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in 1631. The negative was left out of the Seventh Commandment, and William Kilburne, writing in 1650, says that owing to the zeal

of Dr. Usner, the printer was fined £2,000 or £3,000. In Laud's published works there is a copy of the King's letter directing that the printers be fined £3,000, but Dr. Scrivener, however, asserts, I know not on what authority, that the real fine was one of £300, in-

dicted by Archbishop Land, 'to be expended on a fount of fair Greek type.' Only four copies of this scarce Bible are now known, as the edition was destroyed and all the copies called in as soon as the mistake was discovered. Dr. Scrivener declared that a copy existed at Wolfenbützel. This led to a search being made. No such English Bible was discovered; but a German Bible with the very same mistake was found in its stead.

There is also 'The Persecuting Printers' Bible.' 'Printers have persecuted me without a cause.'—Ps. cxix, 161. The word printers instead of princes has given occasion for the above name. All we know of this edition is stated by Mr. Hy. Stevens in the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition of Bibles, where he says that these words were put into the mouth of Cotton Mather by a blundering typographer in a Bible printed before 1702.

There is also 'The Ears to Ear Bible.' 'Who hath ears to ear, let him ear.'—Matt. xiii, 9. This adaptation to Cockney usage is found in an 8vo. Bible published by the Oxford Press in 1810. The same book contains a more serious blunder in Hebrews ix, 14: 'How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from "good" works to serve the living God.'

And among others we may note 'The Standing Fishes Bible.' 'And it shall come to pass that the "fishes" shall stand upon it,' etc.—Ezek. xlvii, 10. The word fishes is used for fishers in a 4-to Bible printed by the King's printer in London, in 1806, and reprinted in a 4-to edition of 1813, and in an 8vo. edition of 1823.—'Alliance News.'

A Christian Daily Newspaper.

A letter addressed to the Editor of the 'Homiletic Review':

In the words of one of the greatest newspaper editors of to-day: 'It is my unqualified opinion that, wielded with prudence, justice, and truthfulness, having the right on its side, and being handled with ordinary composure and skill, the press is, as the old saying puts it, 'mightier than the sword.' But to be mighty, it must be free, and to be free it must be self-sustaining and self-respecting.'

The same editor in his speech before a body of newspaper men, at a time when our country was passing through a great crisis, went on to say: 'There is a great fight before us for liberty, a fight as old as the hills. The fight of the poor against the rich; the fight of the weak against the strong; the fight of the people against the corporation. The corporations just now hold the vantage-ground. They began by corrupting the newspapers; and they have gone so fast and so far that they are able at last to buy up legislatures, to command the services of capable and astute politicians, and even to shape the course of parties.'

From which he led up to the eloquent appeal to his fellow editors, as follows: 'Emanate the press from its thralldom to mammon by making it self-sustaining! Bind it with hoops of steel to the service of the people! Acknowledge no master except that of which you yourselves are component parts—a board of which you are members—a cabinet of which you are ministers—the mastership of public opinion. It is the only service that gives plenty of pay and honest pay; it is the only service of which a man may be proud and in which he may feel happy. Throw off the execrable badge, faded and tattered and worm-eaten by its dishonoring memories and inscriptions, for that other badge, that insignia of rank and power, which says, "I am no man's slave. I am a man among men. The roof above me is my own. This threshold is mine; and, holding no commission but that which, sent from heaven, makes me a spokesman for my fellow men, and having no weapons except a handful of types, I am able to defy the world that proposes, unbidden, to cross it because I am supported by an invincible army, ready to rally at a moment's notice for the defence of itself, which is my defence." I believe that that sort of journalism will come to be believed in by every man who edits and reads a newspaper.'

Two thousand five hundred daily papers are published in the United States and Canada, with a daily circulation of 15,000,000 copies in the United States, alone. In New York City there are 58 different daily publications,

nearly every phase and interest of society being represented by one or more dailies. So, likewise, there are some 32 dailies in Chicago, with an average daily circulation of 1,700,000 copies. Each one, with scarcely an exception, makes its purpose to further some special interest: 22 of them are in politics—8 Republican, 7 Independent, 4 Democratic, and 3 Socialist, 12 are printed in foreign languages—6 German, 3 Bohemian, 1 Norwegian, 1 Polish, and 1 Jewish. Other special interests represented by daily papers are the Live Stock, Commercial, Labor, Legal, College, and Racing lines of business.

Yet, with all of that circulation of daily newspapers, there is not one in the United States and only one in Canada that is recognized as being really Christian in its purpose and influence. The best we have are simply moral in their influence, seldom if ever recognizing in any direct way Christ and His influence upon the individual and society. Yet every Christian knows that there is a great difference between Christianity and morality.

There is no influence so potent in shaping our thoughts and forming the character of our children and young people as the daily paper. Hence it becomes a duty of the aggressive Christian to help develop plans that, as soon as possible, will insure a Christian Daily Press, not forgetting, however, that such a press must be established and maintained strictly on its news and business merits.

Is it not time that the Christian people of America establish at least one influential newspaper, and put an editor in charge who will cater to the wants of the pure-minded Christians, and make one paper which in coming into our homes will not deprave, but rather elevate, the thoughts of ourselves and our children?

If such a press is needed, then we may be sure that God's hand is back of it to help carry it to success.

EDGAR POWELL,
La Porte, Ind.

A Living Trap.

There is a kind of lizard which lives in the deserts of Arabia. Its color is exactly like that of the sand, and it has a clever trick of getting its food. At each side of its mouth is a fold of red skin, which it can blow out to look like a flower. Red flowers grow in the district, and just like them is the lizard's mouth. The insects alight on it, thinking to get honey, when snap! and in a moment they are down the lizard's throat. Keep a sharp lookout for the poison flowers along the path of life. They promise pleasure, but they mean death.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota and His Horse 'Bashaw.'

Almost everybody in the United States has heard of Bishop Whipple, the Pioneer Bishop of Minnesota.

Here is what he says of his noble horse 'Bashaw,' that served him in all the long wild journeys over that then new country:

'When I was appointed there was not a mile of railway in Minnesota. I could only travel on horseback or in a buggy or sleigh.

"Bashaw" was a kindly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth, a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and black as a coal. He was my friend and companion in nearly 40,000 miles' travel, always full of spirit, yet gentle as a girl. I never struck him but once, and that was to save his life and mine on the brink of a precipice; and when saved, the tears filled my eyes. He knew how I loved him and he loved me as well as horse ever loved his master. He never forgot any place where he had ever been, and many a time he has saved our lives when lost on the prairie. In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment, and it was done by heroic effort. It was no easy task to travel in winter over prairies without a house for twenty miles.

I recall time after time when we were lost. In 1861 I left New Ulm for the lower Sioux agency, when the thermometer was thirty-six degrees below zero at noon; there was an ugly freckled sky, and long rifts of clouds. For seven miles there were houses in the distance, and then twenty miles across the

prairie without a house. We were in for it; our motto was, "No step backward." In about an hour we came to a place where the snow had been blown away; it was stubble and no sign of a road. I was lost! I turned the horses back to follow my sleigh tracks; the wind had obliterated them. We started in the direction of the agency. The country was full of little coolies, and soon I had both horses down in snow-drifts. After great efforts we got back on the prairie. Night had come on; not a star, the wind howling like wolves. I knelt down and said my prayers, wrapped myself in buffalo robes, threw the reins on the dash-board, and prepared to let the horses walk where they would until daylight. About midnight old Bashaw stopped so suddenly that it threw me on the dash-board. I jumped from the sleigh, and found an Indian trail which looked like a snake under the snow. I knew that one end of it was at the agency, but which, I knew not. We followed the trail until we saw a light. Never did a horse neigh more joyously as he sprang towards it; we were saved. Dear old fellow! As I put him in his stall he nipped me with his lips with a marvellous look out of those grand eyes, as much as to say, "Master, all's well."

So many have asked me to tell them about dear Bashaw, I am sure you will not blame me for telling you again about this brave creature of God.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Life Without Work.

A life without hard work would be flat and stale. 'The salt of life is work,' it has been said; and the salt that each one's life most needs is the particular work that God has laid upon that one. It is well to remember this when one's own work seems to be a misfit—and probably no one ever lived who was not at one time or another been tempted to feel that about himself. This is part of the very saltiness of work; it puts tang and life and temper into character to keep at a thing when only dogged self-forcing can hold on to it. Let us be glad that the salt of our life is chosen for us. If we made our own choices we should too often take sugar instead of salt, and the system could not long stand that.—'S. S. Times.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Listeners Never Hear Any Good of Themselves.

(By Carolyn Wells, in 'St. Nicholas'.)

Three little crickets, sleek and black,
Whose eyes with mischief glistened,
Climbed up on one another's back
And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out, 'Oho!
I hear two people speaking!
I can't quite see them yet, and so—
I'll just continue peeking.'

Soon Dot and Grandma he could see—

Tea-party they were playing;
And as he listened closely, he
Distinctly heard Dot saying:

'This pretty little table here
Will do to spread the treat on
And I will get a cricket, dear,
For you to put your feet on.

The cricket tumbled down with fright;

'Run for your life, my brothers!
Fly, fly!' He scudded out of sight;
And so did both the others.

An Indian Legend of the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

(Hope Darling in the 'Michigan Christian Advocate'.)

Long, long years ago, when the summer evenings came, and the Indian children gathered in front of the wigwam, this is one of the stories their mothers used to tell them. Doubtless as she talked, they could look down from the summit of a wooded hill upon a stretch of low, wet land. There they could see that gleaming phosphorescent light that so strangely comes and goes, and which we call the will-o'-the-wisp.

At one time there was a strange commotion among the stars. Clouds and storms had served to drive them from their customary way, and they wandered to and fro in the mist. At last one fell from the sky.

The poor star did not descend to the earth. Instead he wandered about, sometimes far above the treetops, again coming very near the ground.

He approached the homes of the Indians, hoping for a friendly greeting, for he was lonely and sad. To his surprise they were frightened.

'See! see!' they cried. 'It is an evil spirit, a manito that will bring us evil,' and they ran away.

'Nay, nay, I am but a poor lost star, seeking friends,' he called after them, but they could not understand his words.

Again and again he tried to make



HIS FIRST SKATES.

—The 'Youth's Companion.'

friends. It was in vain; every tribe that he visited feared the wandering star.

He grew, first sad, then despondent, and at last angry. If the Indians would have none of his friendship, he would watch them, and there might come a time when he would bring to them the evil which they looked for from him.

Then one evening he saw something new in the Indian village. It was a beautiful little girl, with a face like the morning light and eyes that shone as brightly as did his brothers and sisters up in the sky.

When the little girl saw the light that was so near her, she reached up her hands and cried:

'O, the beautiful star! See! It comes so near. It is my star, my own.'

The lost star and the little Indian maiden came to be fast friends. Every night he hovered above her. The last thing before she fell asleep the little girl looked out from the wigwam and murmured:

'Good-night, my star.'

Gradually the star's resentment towards the Indians passed. He saw that the child loved them all, and he could hate nothing that she loved.

One night, when the star approached the village, all was commotion. He heard the cry of wailing and lamentation. High above the voices of the other women sounded that of the mother of his beloved.

The little girl was lost. She had

wandered into the forest and had not returned.

A party started out to hunt for her. Far ahead of them went the star, seeking for the lost child.

It was hours before he found her. She had wandered into the treacherous swamp, and, stumbling into a pool of water, was held fast in the slime and mud.

'O my star, my own!' she sobbed. 'I knew that you would come. Lead my people here, that they may take me home.'

Very low over her hovered the light. Tenderly, caressingly he whispered:

'Weep not, beloved. I go, but I will come again, bringing you help.'

It was hard to leave her in the darkness, but there was no other way. He hastened back to those who were searching for the child, hovering over them and trying to attract their attention. Unto them he could not speak, for they must trust him, to hear his voice.

'See!' cried a warrior. 'It is the wandering star which the child loved. Let us follow it, and we may find her.'

Soon they reached the little girl. Tenderly they lifted her from the mud and slime and bore her home.

The star mused long over this incident. At last he resolved to go to the swamp and make it his home. It was a dangerous place, and as all but one feared and shunned him, his presence would serve to drive travellers away from what might be their death.

He told his resolve to the child, and she whispered:

'That was why you came down from the sky—to learn to give yourself for others. Go, my friend, and each evening I will come to the hilltop and tell you good-night.'

So, through the long summer-nights, the lost star wanders over the dangerous swamps, warning all not to approach.

Honor Bright.

Miss Tennant looked at the class of small people in front of her. They were not usually a naughty class. Some days a spirit of mischief seemed to enter into them, and then they did all sorts of silly things. Now she wondered if this was one of their silly days or if she could leave them for fifteen minutes, while she talked with an old friend in the hall.

She might leave a monitor, but she didn't like to put one of the children over the others, and the ones whom she could trust the best didn't like to tell tales about the others, so there she was.

Finally, in spite of a wicked twinkle in Danny Marr's brown eyes, and the play of Betty Lane's dimples, she decided to trust them to their own sense of honor, and see how it would come out.

'Now children,' she said, 'I am going to leave you alone for a few minutes. You all have your lessons to learn, and that spelling lesson is not easy, but will take a lot of close study from all of you before you know it. You will be left with no one to watch you, or report to me, how you act, as soon as the door is shut. You all know what will please me, and what you each one ought to do, now please be good children, and remember that I trust to your honor to do right.'

The door was shut, and the class was left alone. They all loved Miss Tennant, she was so bright and merry, and was good to them, and they wanted to please her, but what a chance this was to play during school hours.

Danny Marr's brown eyes danced with glee. He was a sure shot with a ball or a wad of paper, and he was in a good line to hit Betty fairly on the cheek. Once she was started to giggling, it would spread to the rest of the class and then there would be fun all round. Oh, what a temptation!

His hand was almost raised for the throw, when he saw a small girl beyond him, whose big grey eyes were fixed with surprise and reproach on him. Then he thought all at once how Miss Tennant had trusted them all, and how mean it would be to upset the whole school just for his fun.

His arm came down, his spelling book was thrown open, and with face between his hands, he was pegging away at the hard words when Miss Tennant opened the door. It was worth it all to see the pleased look on her face when she found such a quiet, steadfast to duty lot of boys and girls.

'I think you are the best lot of children in the building,' she said, with her own merry smile. While Danny also smiled a little smile of his own, as he thought how easy it might have been to have made things different.—S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour.'

Evening Prayer.

Dear Lord, I pray Thee round my home
To bid the watching angels come;
Take care of all I love to-night,
And guard us till the morning light;
Forgive Thy little child for sin,
And make me clean and pure within.
And when I rest, and when I rise,
To Jesus let me lift my eyes.
This prayer I very humbly make,
And offer it for Jesus' sake.

Amen.

—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Frizzle's Treat.

Frizzle lived in the big oak tree. The tree was very near the coal house door, and the saucepan was close to the door. So, timid as he was, he thought he might step inside the doorway and see what was in the pan.

He did, and there was only water in it. But close by the pan were nuts and popcorn cakes. Was ever a squirrel so lucky? In a minute his little sharp teeth were into the goodies, his keen-shining eyes and quick ears ready for any strange noise.

Frizzle did not know that Maisie and Fred were behind a big box in the half-empty coal house watching him, nor that they had spread the feast just for him. So he ate and ate, as if he could never get enough.

'Oh, see!' whispered Maisie.

'He's carrying the nuts to his house!'

Sure enough, Frizzle came back and forth with a nut or part of the corn kernels in his mouth, to be left in his snug home down in the tree trunk. Then he put his little head on one side, took one leap towards the pan, and drank the water. Then he was gone.

'He's getting ready for winter and for bad weather, or when he's sick,' said Fred.—Daisy Rhodes Campbell in the 'Sunbeam.'

Whineboy and Smileytoy.

Little Mr. Whineyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Growleygrub, screaming all the way,
Hollyberries in his hat,
Screecher leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' squeals,
Whineywhiners on his heels.
What do you think—that awful day
Everybody ran away!

Little Mr. Smileyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Grinnergrif, laughing all the way,
Chuckleberries in his hat,
Jolly leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' smiles,
All of the 'very latest styles.'
What do you think—that happy day
Not a body ran away!
—Charles I. Junkin, in 'St. Nicholas.'

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

The 'Pansies' are still in full bloom, and we invite all our young readers to gather them. Ten cents each from five friends who have not been taking the 'Messenger' sent in to us with the five names and addresses will secure: 1. The 'Messenger' for three months to each of the friends. 2. A beautiful colored picture 'Pansy Blossoms,' 9 by 10 inches, to each of the club and to the club raiser. 3. A Maple Leaf Brooch to the club raiser as a reward for trouble taken.

The 'Messengers' may be sent anywhere in Canada, outside Montreal or suburbs, or to Newfoundland or the British Isles, but the pictures will all be sent to the club raiser to distribute.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

'MORE PANSY GATHERERS.'

Bert D. Fieckinger, Ethelwyn Bratt, Maude Tisdale, Ern'e Hodgson, Annie J. McLennan, Agnes Foo'e, Dorothy Brewster, Maria Russell Leah Dingman, Lillie L. Emberton, Mrs. Fred Wheeler, Olive G. Cullen, Bertha Blackie, Paulina Hall.

HOUSEHOLD.

Teaching Purity.

(By Frances E. Willard.)

'How early shall we teach? The age will vary, but be sure to let purity have the first word. The child will ask questions early; let not the coarse reply get in its work before the chaste one comes.'

Many of the divinest lovers of all history have lived without marriage and many of the most demoniacal haters have spent their lives in a marriage without love.

The Minister's Mother.

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Ram's Horn'.)

The richest parishioner of the little church told the pastor on prayer-meeting night, that she was going on a journey, and then she spoke of the proposed route.

'Why, your way leads through Finley' the minister exclaimed, his pale face lighting up, 'and at Finley lives—my mother. I wonder if you could—if you would stop and see her?'

The richest parishioner looked into her pastor's expressive face.

'I am going to stop there two days,' she answered, gently, 'and I shall be very pleased to call upon her. How long since you have seen her?' she queried, still gently.

A shadow crossed the minister's face. 'Five years, in reality, but in spirit I am always with her. My blessed mother! No son has a better one.' Then, with wistful insistence, 'You are sure you will stop at Finley?'

'Very sure, and I will bring you back your mother's every word.'

The richest parishioner arrived in Finley in due time.

'Aunt Katherine,' she said to the elderly relative she was visiting, 'my pastor's mother lives in this town. Perhaps you know her?'

Aunt Katherine, comely and comfortable, was bustling about in the kitchen. 'What is her name?' she asked.

'McDonald—Mrs. Rachel McDonald.'

Aunt Katherine came to the window and pointed to a dwelling only a little distance up the street, small and unpretentious and guarded by a white picket fence.

'Mrs. McDonald lives there,' replied Aunt Katherine. 'I know her well, one of my best neighbors; and almost the oldest inhabitant.' 'Will you go with me to see her, then?' asked the niece.

'Gladly, and whenever you like.'

And so it happened that same afternoon they knocked at Rachel McDonald's door. A woman, large, noble and white-haired, opened it. She glanced at her two visitors, at the older woman with a smile of welcome, at the younger one with gentle kindness, quite un-mixed with curiosity.

'My niece—Mrs. Percival—Mrs. McDonald,' announced Aunt Katherine. 'She came to see you because she is from your son's town in the West and a member of his church.'

'Ah!' It was good to see how the beautiful old face lighted up. 'From my son's church. Oh, what a privilege it is to see you! Five years—five years since I last saw him. Is he well—is he quite well? He was never strong—but come in, come in.'

She ushered them into a clean little room with braided rugs about and plants blooming in the windows. A bouquet of carnations stood in a vase on a small table covered with a white cloth.

'I had a birthday last week and my son sent me these. They were quite fresh, all but one and I put that away to press. Malcolm knows how I love flowers. Now sit down and tell me about my boy—of his work, of his wife, of the baby I have never seen.'

And so the richest parishioner, sitting opposite the strong, noble mother in that humble room, told what she knew. She spoke of the minister's Bible class, the young man's league he had inaugurated, the sermons he preached, the souls he had converted, the calls he made, the friends he held, and his kindness to the sick and weak and afflicted.

The old mother sat and listened, losing not a word. Her wrinkled hands were clasped together, her head bent forward.

'It's just as I knew it would be,' she answered dreamily. 'Malcolm was always such a blessing to his mother. And he writes me such letters and tells me how he longs to see me. I don't tell him how my heart hungers for him—it would grieve him, so far away. My boy still, my little boy that I used to rock to sleep—whose prayers I used to listen to. Oh, if I could only gather him in my arms again! And to think my little lad is out in the world helping people. Oh, I am glad, like Hannah of old, that I had him to give to the Lord. It is all right, only the separation is hard.'

And then as she looked into the strong, old face with its lines of character and kindness, the richest parishioner knew whence had come the minister's religion and what a goodly inheritance was his.

'How alike they are,' she mused, 'and how I wish he might see her.'

And then the thought came to her, 'Why not—why not?'

'Kate,' her husband had said to her at parting, 'I'll get tickets for two this time, and then if any one of your friends wants to come back with you just bring her along.'

'But there will be nobody, Ralph,' she answered, 'at this season of the year.'

'Never mind,' he had said. 'An extra ticket won't come amiss and we can afford to be generous. Take it.' And so the matter had ended.

Kate Percival thought of it now. She thought, too, of the overworked pastor with his growing brood, of the salary not large enough for all their needs, and of his look as he had told her of his mother—the deep love reflected in the patient, spiritual face. 'Why shouldn't people who have money use it for those who have not?'

'Mrs. McDonald,' she said, suddenly. 'I have bought an extra ticket, in case I wanted to bring back a friend. Aunt Katherine here won't use it, and will—you? I am going on to my journey's end, but in two weeks I will be back to take you home with me.'

The strong, old face opposite suddenly melted into tears.

'Me!' she cried.

'Why not—you must see your son's church and the parsonage and the baby—and the son himself.'

Kate Percival had risen and had taken hold

of the wrinkled hand. 'You will come, will you not?' she entreated, gently, 'for his sake—he loves you so.'

And so it came that the son who could not go to see his mother had his mother brought to him.

An Eastern train two weeks later steamed into the little Western station. Among the passengers were two people, one woman, young and beautiful, with an older one, wrinkled and white-haired, yet with a commanding grace and dignity all her own.

A man, tall and pale, with eager eyes, was waiting. As she came down the steps of the car, the older woman saw him.

'Mother!' he cried, striding toward her and folding her in his arms. 'Oh, mother, mother.'

'My son,' she whispered, in a choked voice.

He dropped his head upon her breast and the two stood quite still, wrapped in each other's arms. The richest parishioner had turned away, but the next moment the minister grasped her by the hand.

'Let me thank you,' he cried, brokenly.

'Don't,' she entreated smilingly. 'Don't, for if you do, I warn you, I shall —' And then the beautiful lips quivered. 'I—I have no mother, she died two years ago. Can you not see how pleased—what a privilege I deemed it to bring you yours?'

The minister looked into her face and saw the grief that a mother's loss must ever bring.

'God bless you,' he murmured. 'God bless you. Yes, yes, I understand.'

Those Stereographs.

A Historic Collections.

It would be hard to overestimate the beautiful stereoscopic views of the Keystone View Company that we are offering our subscribers on such a liberal basis—72 splendid views of the Quebec Tercentenary to choose from. A full list sent on receipt of a post card mentioning this advt. in the 'Messenger.'

REMEMBER! You only have this offer for a limited time, and you could not buy these pictures anywhere at less than \$2.00 a dozen. They are worth some effort and will be a life-long source of satisfaction and entertainment. They are something 'wholly different.'

OUR OFFER.

We are prepared to give HALF a DOZEN of these stereographs, i.e., one group you select out of the twelve groups of stereographs, to any subscriber to the 'Messenger' on any one of the four following plans:—

(1) For FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

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(3) For ONE GENUINE new subscriber to the 'Canadian Pictorial,' at \$1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscriber to the same publication at 50 cents.

(4) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscription to 'World Wide,' at \$1.50.

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For CONDITIONS of this offer, see those governing all premiums—on another page.

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This is really a great opportunity. At present we make the offer open for the next two months, but we are not sure that we will be able to extend that time, so that we would strongly urge our subscribers to act at once. The premium will, we know, be a continual source of pleasure to the whole family.

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CONDITIONS OF ALL PREMIUM OFFERS:

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B. A subscription claiming to be new must mean an actual increase in our subscription list—a subscription transferred from one person to another can not be counted as new.

C. No one may count his own subscription even if new, where a new one is called for, as that requires no work, and premiums are a reward for work done. Where renewals are called for it, one's one may be counted.

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Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

As popular this year as last. This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired. Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored. One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

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If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

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See 'King's Book,' Stereographs, and other premium offers elsewhere in this issue.

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Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. If short one RENEWAL, add 15 cents; if short one NEW subscription, add 25 cents.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at \$1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at \$1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

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The 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' published in popular form by direct command of His Majesty, King Edward, is certainly the 'book of the year.' Three splendid volumes giving much of the private correspondence of our Late Beloved Queen, and taking the people into the confidence of Court and Cabinet as has never been done before. The work was issued first in 1907 at a price of over \$15.00. Now all can have the very same matter in three volumes, bound in crimson cloth and illustrated, at the very low price of \$1.50. Supplied from this office. The King wants all his subjects to have this work, and they will all loyally respond so far as at all possible.

Besides supplying it by mail to any of our subscribers for \$1.50 (POSTAGE EXTRA, 25 cents), we offer it on a premium basis as follows:—

1. One set complete as a premium for SEVEN GENUINE new subscriptions sent in at 40 cents each to the 'Messenger.' (This offer could be used to secure it for School or Sabbath School Library.)

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These books, secured on a premium basis, are sent postpaid.

N.B.—The usual conditions govern this as all other premium offers. See another page.

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See the subscription rates elsewhere in this paper.

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Before School.

'Quarter to nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?'

'One more pancake, please, quick, mother dear.'

'Where is my dinner-pail?' 'Under the shelf. Just in the place where you left it yourself.'

'I can't say my table!—Please find me my cap.'

'One kiss for mamma and sweet May in her lap.'

'Be good, dear!' 'I'll try! 9 times 9's 81.'

'Here's your mittens.' 'All right: Hurry up, let us run!'

With a slam of the door they are off, girls and boys,

And the mother draws breath in the lull of their noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

'Do not waken the baby! Step softly, my dear.'

'O, mother, I've torn my new dress over here. I am sorry! I only was climbing the wall.'

'Say, mother, my map was the nicest of all. And Nelly in spelling went right to the head.'

'Now, please, may I go to the hill with my sled?'

'I have such a toothache.' 'The teacher's not fair.'

'Is dinner most ready? I'm just like a bear! Be patient, tired mother, they're growing up fast.'

'Such nursery whirlwinds not long do they last;'

A still, lonely house would be worse than the noise.'

Rejoice and be glad in your girls and your boys.'

Simple Shampoo.

An efficient shampoo liquid which is recommended for frequent use is made by dissolving any good soap in boiling water. Lids of cakes may be kept for the purpose, three or four tossed into about two quarts of boiling water, and left until entirely dissolved. Add a very little oil of lavender when the liquid has cooled and use as a shampoo, rinsing the hair thoroughly with clean water afterwards.

Care of the Rubber Plant.

To keep a rubber plant in excellent condition see that there is plenty of mold about its roots. That it is kept sufficiently watered but not soaked. Give a shower bath about once a week and, when it has dried, sponge off the leaves with milk. Let it have plenty of light but no direct sunshine.—'Good House-keeping.'



Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$8.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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My Colors.

(Florence A. Jones in 'Good Housekeeping'.)

These are the colors I love the best,
Rose and blue and a sunny gold,
And he who carries my colors brave,
Is a little laddie just four years old.
The blue shines out from his laughing eyes,
The red on his cheeks so soft and fair,
While my heart is snared by the shining gold
That gleams in the meshes of tangled hair!

A Little Patriot.

There is a five-year-old boy in Massachusetts avenue who is of the blood of the patriots, says the Washington 'Star.' The little fellow has heard much 'flag' talk in his short life and has exalted ideas of its protective qualities. He was the baby of the family until recently and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's; and, as he had never slept alone before, his small soul was filled with nameless fears.

'It's mighty lonesome in here, mamma,' he called the first night after he had been tucked in his little white bed.

'Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you,' replied mamma from an outer room.

'But, mamma,' he objected, 'I'd be scared of them if they came rustling around, same as I would of any other stranger.'

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COCOA

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'Now, Harold, you must go to sleep quietly. Nothing will hurt you.'

'Can't I have the gas lighted in here?'

'No; mamma doesn't think it necessary and it is not healthy.'

There was silence for some time and then the small voice piped up again, 'Oh, mamma! may I have grandpa's flag?'

'Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep.'

'Please, mamma!' and a small night-gowned figure appeared at the door. 'Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed and then I'll go right to sleep—indeed I will! You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that "under the protecting folds of the flag, the weakest would be safe"; and I feel mighty weak, mamma.'

So mamma hung the flag at the head of Harold's bed and later, when she looked in on her little boy, he was sound asleep, with one hand closely grasping a corner of the protecting flag.—Selected.

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